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I WAS A TEEN-AGE SLIDE RULE

In a recent learned journal (Playboy) the distinguished board chairman (Ralph "Hot Lips" Sigafoos) of one of our most important American industrial corporations (the Art Mechanical Dog Co.) wrote a trenchant article in which he pinpointed our single most serious national problem: the lack of culture among science graduates.

Let me hasten to state that Mr. Sigafoos's article was in no sense derogatory. He said emphatically that the science graduate, what with his gruelling curriculum in physics, math, and chemistry, can hardly be expected to find time to study the arts too. What distresses Mr. Sigafoos—and, indeed, all of us—is the lopsided result of today's science courses: graduates who can build a skyscraper but can't compose a concerto; who know Newton's Third Law but not Beethoven's Fourth Sym-



The Lopsided result of Today's Science

phony; who are familiar with Fraunhofer's lines but not with Shelley's.

Mr. Sigafoos can find no solution to this lamentable imbalance. I, however, believe there is one—and a very simple one. It is this: if students of science don't have time to come to the arts, then the arts must come to students of science.

For example, it would be a very easy thing to teach poetry and music right along with physics. Students, instead of being called upon merely to recite, would instead be required to rhyme their answers and set them to familiar tunes—like, for instance, the stirring *Colonel Hogeys March*. Thus recitations would not only be chock-a-block with important facts but would, at the same time, expose the students to the aesthetic delights of great poetry and music. Here, try it yourself. You all know *The Colonel Hogeys March*. Come, sing along with me:

Physics
Is what we learn in class.
Einstein
Said energy is mass,
Newton
Is high-falutin'
And Pascal's aascal. So's Boyle.

Do you see how much more broadening, how much more uplifting it is to learn physics this way? Of course you do. What? You want another chorus? By all means:

Leyden
He made the Leyden jar.
Trolley
He made the Trolley car.
Curie
Rode in a surrey
And Diesel's a weasel. So's Boyle.

Once the student has mastered *The Colonel Hogeys March*, he can go on to more complicated melodies like *Death and Transfiguration*, *Sixteen Tons*, and *Boo-Hoo*.

And when the student, loaded not only with science but with culture, leaves his classroom and lights his Marlboro Cigarette, how much more he will enjoy that filter, that flavor, that pack or box! Because there will no longer be a little voice within him repeating that he is culturally a dolt. He will know—know joyously—that he is a complete man, a fulfilled man, and he will bask and revel in the pleasure of his Marlboro as a colt rolls in new grass—exultant and triumphant—a truly educated human person—a credit to his college, to himself, and to his tobaccoist!

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We, the makers of Marlboros and sponsors of this column, urge you not to roll colt-wise in the grass if you are carrying a soft pack of Marlboros in your pocket. If, however, you are carrying the crush-proof box and weigh less than 200 pounds, you may safely fling yourself about.

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